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My Christmas Wish and Other Rhythms

Charlotte C. Davenport



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MY CHRISTMAS WISH AND
OTHER RHYTHMS



Then I pluck a "Red Rose"

My Christmas Wish

and Other Rhythms

BY
CHARLOTTE C. DAVENPORT

WITH A FOREWORD BY
JUDGE WILLARD BARTLETT

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FOREWORD

Few American women have traveled more widely in foreign lands or in our own country than has the author of this little book. Those who have been her companions in travel and the many more who have been fortunate enough to meet her and make her acquaintance in the course of her journeyings will recall with pleasure the enjoyment which she imparts to every circle in which she finds herself by the enthusiastic spirit in which she greets new scenes and new experiences, her cheerfulness in the trials incident to travel, and her helpfulness on occasions of need. The Christmas spirit which prompts us to make everyone happy in December seems to actuate her life throughout the year. That spirit finds sweet expression in the verses contained in this modest volume; and I am glad to introduce and commend it to all those for whose benefit and pleasure it has been worthily written.

WILLARD BARTLETT.

March 29, 1922.

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MY CHRISTMAS WISH AND
OTHER RHYTHMS

MY CHRISTMAS WISH

I have beds of blooms within garden walls,
Which smile and nod as I wander through,
And the delicate rustle of leaves recalls
An old-time sauntering hour with you;
'Tis easy to fancy together once more —
We're side by side living the glad days of yore.

Thus pondering on bygones, I wander apace —
To the spot where my beautiful "pansies" grow,
And they — peeping up with a cherub-like face
Speak softly in whispers of long, long ago.
They seem, with their velvety, bright baby-eyes,
To have dropped on a cloud from those far-away skies.

Of these then I gather! — And wander on through
An arbor of "Ramblers" — to corner remote —
Quite carpetted o'er with the daintiest blue,
Which whispers a plaintive "Forget-me-not" note.
There is murmur of insect — and soft winds at play,
With a sweet wafted scent as of "Newly-mown hay."

'Tis thus in my garden my thoughts are with you,
And I'm culling just those of my favorite flowers
That will carry you back — on a memory track,
With its beautiful vision of bygone hours.
Each bloom has a message! Each leaf will unfold
With a truth — that True Friendship can never grow old.

Then I pluck a "Red Rose" — and some "Violets" blue —
With a bunch of sweet "Jasmine" and "Rosemary" too,
And a "Bittersweet" branch, which I'll just tuck away —
And some green "Arbor-Vitæ," and "Heliotrope" spray;
But don't overlook my "White Clover"! You see —
With each breath of perfume, they breathe "Think of me."

And right over there — near the old garden wall —
Are the "Sweet Peas" in blossom! And thither I go!
'Tis just where the Sun-God's first rays softly fall —
And light-up in color this sweet-scented row.
With their petals still wet with the glistening dew,
They will carry a message of gladness to You.

Then I'll fasten my blooms with a memory knot,
And speed them along on the Good-Will-Way,
And coming to you — I have bade them to halt
And say to you — "Merry be Christmas Day" —
For you — and for yours — may the White-winged Dove —
To your home bring Peace! To your hearts bring Love.

And they'll wish you a warm, honest clasp of the hand,
With friendships in truth — and not only in part —
And pleasures which come from good deeds well done —
Which find themselves nestled in depths of the heart.
May they chase every ill-at-ease shadow away,
And make "Merry Christmas" a merrier day.

And I'll ask from the dawn of the near New Year,
That the sweet Carol echoings ne'er grow dim —
But ring — and ring on — with their gladsome cheer,
Till the bells of the next New Year ring in,
May the Light of the Christ-Child illumine your way,
And the true joys of Christmas be yours day by day.

THINKING OF YOU

There are myriads of lights in the Great Up-There!
But off, and alone, shines a Glorious Star!
Out-shining all else in a glittering glare,
And I'm thinking of You.

There are silent workers — and deeds well done —
There are moments when souls have the mortal outrun —
There are moments when Heaven and Earth seem one —
And I'm thinking of You.

There's a narrowed path — leading on and on —
With a light o'erhead, both steady and strong —
And we know it will shine though the Sun goes down —
And I'm thinking of You.

There are waters to ford — and high hills intervene —
But the end opens wide with a vale softly green —
And beyond! — A transcendently beautiful scene —
And I'm thinking of You.

We will reach that Goal! 'Tis our aim to try!
Perhaps in the haze of a far by and by —
But the hours, and days, and the years will fly —
As I'm thinking of You.

I am thinking of Good — in its broadest sense —
Innate! With no thought of recompense —
Where hand meets heart in a quick response —
And I'm thinking of You.

And now that Sweet Christmas-notes fall on the ear —
And the bells ring out merrily “ Christmas is here ” —
I am longing for one to join heart in this cheer,
And I’m thinking of You.

And I’m asking the Father of Infinite Love —
To send choicest of gifts from His Haven above —
To shed Light on your path — and through Life’s every
move
Give His Guidance and Peace unto you.

A DAY ON THE SANDS

A day on the sands when the sea rolled in,
With its splash, and its dash, and its ceaseless foam;
With a ripple, at times, like belfry chimes;
And again, like a long-drawn wailing moan.
How full of adventure! How wild in thy glee—
And, anon, full of pathos—thou turbulent sea!

A day on the sands when the gulls flew low,
And white-spread sails went a-tacking past—
Making straight for us now, with a shore-turned bow;
Then about, under sun-tipped mizzen and mast.
Roll on, great sea, with your wrecking tales,
Your lullabies sweet, and your white-winged sails.

A day on the sands when the winds blew soft,
And the trees near by wore a mantle green;
To Eastward, an ocean with bosom well tossed;
To Westward, a flower-grown, pastoral scene;
To the North, Narragansett hugs close to her shore,
While Judith's Old Point stretches out from afar.

A day on the sands when no fierce demon stirs
An ocean's dark depths with upheaving commands.
Just Neptune's young Sprites! whose frolic allures
Both Æolus and wave to kiss softly the sands.
A day when the azure-domed, far sky-line spans
A sea—coaxing play with its glistening sands.

A day on the sands when the kiddies played,
And built their forts when the tide was low;
When the walls so solid and high were made —
To be washed away by the outward flow.
A day of all days! They'll remember it well,
And its picnic tales they will ofttimes tell.

When the grown-ups knitted, while fanned by the breeze,
And a high-noon meal on the sands was spread,
Was ever such hunger? And food to appease?
Baskets still showing plenty, and every one fed.
“Oh, let's come again!” came from hearts all aglow,
“Where the sea rolls in, and hydrangeas grow.”

A day on the sands? 'Twould be cheerless now!
And the winter blasts would be calling loud
To the waves, as they heaved with a boisterous vow,
That they by Æolus should never be cowed.
In defiance, they'd rise in their might! — and would fain
Make ready, with roarings, to combat again.

Nay! 'Tis not a day for the sands just now!
The stockings are hung for a Santa Claus call!
The kiddies are haply asleep, for they know
That Santy comes only when night-shadows fall.
And I, by a log-fire crackling and bright,
Am wishing you all “Merry Christmas” tonight.

RIO DE JANEIRO

Where vines are clambering over tree and ridge,
And orchids hang from branches in mid-air —
Or pause to find on hoary trunk a ledge,
And with suspended blossoms nestle there.

Where hillsides hide themselves 'mid varied greens
And Nature's brush flings colors to the breeze.
Till caught on wide-spread tree, — it flames, and seems
A towering, rich bouquet 'mid wildwood leaves.

Where Sugar-loaf rears bold and massive head,
Whose sides uncovered, stand in rock-bound grey,
Eternal watch it keeps on sea out-spread,
And entrance guards to island-dotted bay.

Where fronds far-reaching — touch with finger-tips
Their sister-leaves, with richest, glossy sheen —
Or fairy, feathery things sunk deep in depths,
From densest dark to softest apple-green.

All shades! All sizes! Plunged in a jungle-heap!
Clinging and clambering wildly — yet with grace,
As if unseen — strange order One would keep,
And weave their net-work in a wild embrace.

A pearl in setting, baffling mortal speech!
And washed by waters of chameleon sea;
Locked tenderly within great mountain-peaks,
'Mid palms that rise in native majesty.

Where one — 'tween seeming firmaments can stand
And gaze on dome, where myriad twinklings tell
Of other worlds! While down — afar — on strand
And mountain-sides, are Rio's lights! "La Belle"!

So fair God's footprints on terrestrial ball,
We know them well! And love them none the less
Because this gem is fairest of them all,
A matchless pearl throughout God's Universe.

VARIOUS MOUNTAIN RANGES

We've seen our Rockies rising North to South,
And topped the peak wee "burro helped to build";
Have Shasta and Rainier viewed — both standing forth
Like sentinels bold, by whom lone posts are filled.

We've sighted mountains famed in far-off lands,
With jagged arms stretched forth, and walls sheer-cut,
Which long have stood — defiant they, of man's
Dynamic entrance — carried foot by foot.

Has he not bravely fought and won the day,
And pierced the very heart of barrier strong?
Has he not cut — with iron-horse — his way
And broken silence of the ages gone?

We've crossed where Acongagua, vast in height,
O'ertops her sister peaks stretched toward the skies,
And where, at times, in wandering, lonely flight.
Mid ragged crags, a condor one describes.

Where sun falls lurid on some smooth-faced slide,
And with the cloud effect gives wondrous shades —
A coloring varied — reds and greens allied —
Which into lighter chromes and grey-white fades.

We've seen great Fuji's cone in beauty rise,
Soft-clad in virgin-white, — a model rare!
Her pilgrims halting thrice beneath the skies,
That at her summit, she may heed their prayer.

We've stood on fair Darjeeling's terraced slope,
And scanned afar the Kinchinjanga pile,
And waited till the God of Day awoke —
To cast on Tiger Hill his dawning smile.

All Nature's wonder-works! A mighty part!
Embodying grandeur and soul-stirring scenes,
Our mental vision holds them! But the heart
Yearns for the Alpine glories of our dreams.

Where vale is soft and green — and Brindle's bell
Is tintilating as she chews her cud,
And glistening under sunshine o'er this dell —
Eternal snows! The Alps! Our best beloved.

WHERE BABY-MAPLES GROW

How years steal on! So softly on at times —
We only know their lullaby of rhymes!
Those harmonies that lull without surcease —
And we — of annual flights know only peace.

Going! still going! Ever and always on!
Not always noiseless! Some with vibrations strong,
Which — in their passing — Clash — like sabres drawn,
And leave in going, mutterings deep and long.

E'en thus with us! Life's varied wheels have moved
Till now — like Circle rounded — we have roved
To where the Buddha-God claims florets fair,
And twinkling bell, and low-toned priestly prayer.

Where, from the boughs — strange insects seem on leave,
To rasp their greetings, morn till dewy eve;
Where bamboo clusters spread to catch the breeze,
And soft winds play with baby-maple leaves.

Enchanting scene! Such feast of color spread
With tints of myriad greens and richest red!
Colossal scheme! Where gradient shades combine
To say — "The Hand that made us is Divine."

Let but the Autumn flash departing glow —
'Tis none but Nature's Artist, well we know
Could stamp such beauty on such matchless scene,
Or Spring-time yield such tender-tinted green.

Here shrines are legion! Temples rich and rare
Leave open door for penitent and prayer;
Here coins are dropped, and strewn on matted floor,
And scant-clad figures bow from sense of awe.

Here with their bundle-babies — Mothers come,
Yet some so like to child, in years — so young!
And while in prayer the Mother's head bends low,
Her bundle-baby's head sways to and fro.

Helpless and noiseless! Feeblest sound unheard!
The little form — save head — has scarcely stirred —
So strangely quiet! Seldom showing glee, —
These Buddha-babies are a mystery.

We see again sequestered simple shrine
Well hidden by the boughs of olden time,
Again lone woman wends her quiet way —
Looking askance, lest others thither stray.

Lifting her tribute — albeit but cloth upraised,
To Buddha-God — *Her* Deity! — she prayed!
With words outspoken, prayed her Buddha-prayer,
To her — but Buddha-God, and she were there.

Save hers — no other voice to break the sound
Of pleadings born of pathos! So profound —
We scarcely breathed! lest stir of ours be given
To halt the prayer e'er reaching Buddha's Heaven.

Here in the Spring-time, cherry blossoms grow,
And little people wandering to and fro —
Neath canopy of pink-spread, flowery shade,
Suggest not mortal, but a fairy glade.

Then — what though gone those years that are no more,
We're bringing back to life bright days of yore —
What though long gone? We haply stand again
Neath baby-maple leaves in old Japan.

A SEPTEMBER SUNSET, AND AUTUMN
FOLIAGE, ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

Of a thousand hues are the Northern hills,
Which change under Autumn's brush —
The reds and the chromes of such wondrous tones,
The deep, dark greens of our Yuletide dreams —
Till a far-spread Orient-Mantle fills
The mind — and a sense of the Artist touch.

There are rich, dark browns under sunset rays
Bathed deep in a golden glow,
While a burnt-orange spreads o'er the whole, and sheds
Such unearthly tints where a last ray glints —
So matchless in beauty! Such glorious displays!
'Tis the God-Artist's coloring freely let flow.

With drop of the sun-ball one only can gaze —
Speech halts e'er it utters a sound!
A thousand hues blending, and all of them tending
Toward a glorious whole! — till our uplifted soul
Sees the Portal of Heaven unveiled — and we praise
The Great Author Divine of such wonders profound.

LOOKING FORWARD

We've come to the end of the days that we love,
With their out-of-door life, and the birds and the flowers—
With the Bright-Blue spanning our earth-world above,
And the beautiful, lingering, twilight hours.
We love it! This sweet-scented, dear Summer-time,
All Nature a-humming in rhythm and rhyme.

We've come to the days when the leaves will fall,
And the birds will gather from far and from near,
And we know that each one to its mate will call
In twitterings soft — "'Tis the time of the year —
Our conference time — when up high in mid-air
We decide on migrating — just when and just where.

We'll circle awhile till we're all mustered in,
The laggards, and those that have wandered afar,
Then following roll-call, flight will begin,
With rebellion no doubt and brisk bickerings up there,
But soon with a dominant leader ahead —
Our flock, to the South, will be twitteringly led."

We've come to the time when the night air is chill,
And the hay is both gathered and stored in the barn,
No longer the notes of the shy whippoorwill —
And sonorous bass-frogs break the evening's calm,
No longer the land wears its mantle of green —
For its long Winter wrap is a snow-white screen.

And then when cold days, and nights colder, are sped —
And the sun's warming rays shed a ruddier glow,
And pierce the hard trunk that so leafless seemed dead,
And melts, mid stiff branches, each remnant of snow —
We know that the robins and Spring-time are near,
And life, in rich fulness, again will appear.

'Tis but " Au revoir " — not a final good-bye,
The slim pussy-willow will shortly have birth,
Our wee feathered friends will again Northward fly,
And the smile of the crocus light up the dull earth.
King Frost for the nonce will have ended his reign,
And glorious Summer be with us again.

“MANANA”

Far from the maddening crowd! So far afield —
Where Time means Leisure on a dulcet shore.
Today — let go! Mañana! Which will yield
Of “dolce far niente” hours far more.

Mañana! Soft and narcotic breath!
Which stamps its pace on moments as they glide,
Like to the little rivulet — which saith
“Meandering — I! just kissing mossy side.”

Mañana! Where with the twilight dimmed
The night runs into morn its festive hours,
We know no haste! Fitly our lamps are trimmed
To glow till next-day’s Sun-God plies his powers.

Mañana! Dream yet awhile! The spell —
The very joy of living we would stay!
We know the morn will every star dispel,
Mañana Comes! Always another day.

LIFE'S ALPEN WAY

Like an Alpen Climb this life's short day,
Unsafe to turn aside
From trackless rounds along the way —
Cleared safe by Alpen guide.

Steep is the path, and rugged oft
We're called upon to tread,
More rocks and shale than turf grown soft —
This unknown road ahead.

A mountain climb which calls for faith
In sturdy mountaineer!
Where gaping crevice shows ice depths —
And warns aside to steer.

A mountain climb which tests the zeal
And prowess of the man!
Which leads to distant, glorious heights —
Whence — gaining it — we'll scan —

The grandeur of the firmament —
The wonders of the world —
The glories of Creation
To our dazzled eyes unfurled.

And now we ask — mid crags or flowers —
Mid steepes or moorlands wide —
Mid days of joy or darkened hours —
Be Thou Great God! — The Guide.

We ask for vision clear and broad,
From false and bias freed,
And that we have — e'en rough the road —
“ The Master ” in the lead.

YOUTH'S APPEAL

Were it ours to make wishes, shape life as we would,
We'd ask neither for sunshine nor rain,
We'd think of the past — when the rose was a bud,
And we'd wish to be young once again.

Were it ours to crave wealth — thus in splendor to live —
We'd ne'er wish for great riches to gain,
We'd think of the heartsease no lucre can give,
And we'd wish to be young once again.

Were it ours to make wishes, and ours in reply —
Affirmative answer attain —
With experience garnered through years now gone by,
We'd but ask to be young once again.

Let us once more make wishes with Time flitting fast,
And our life-journey long since begun,
Though the old tell-tale mile-posts are sure speeding past,
Let us wish that — at heart — we keep young.

A FLORAL EQUATION

Said the grand flaming rose to the violet blue —

Well-nigh hidden mid leaves of its own —

“ In this high-brow old world, what can ever you do
To make simple existence e’en known ?”

“ You American Beauties !” said the violet fair —

Here the dew was seen smiling through tears —

“ Are high-born, ’tis true! while I nestle down here —
But my *perfume* is *lovely* as yours.”

AN ACCUMULATIVE VOYAGE

The rivulet sighed — “ I’m a feeble, young thing —
But I’m doing my best in my efforts to sing,
Always gurgling and flowing,
And finally, down to the river I’ll bear
Myself and my murmurings — leaving them there —
With the rills that I’ve gathered in going.

The river soft whispers with wave-curling pride,
“ Come on — little Sister! to arms open wide —
’Tis better than single !”
“ We’ll grow, and flow on, gathering strength day by day,
From the tricklings and springs dancing headlong our way,
And together we’ll mingle.”

Then on went the rivulet, river and rills!
’Tis a surging ambition — and momentous thrills
That bid us keep flowing.”
’Tis thus they were heard in their whisperings to say,
As they frolicked at times in a boisterous way —
But never an instant ceased going.

“ Speed on ” — the deep river was heard to exclaim —
“ There are miles to be covered — the ocean to gain,”
“ Never fear! Follow me! ”
Then swept by an impetus born of a lunge,
And heading down stream in a wild, forceful plunge,
They fell prone in the lap of the sea.

ON THE ROAD

Rolling! a-rolling! aye, on and on rolling —
On wheels that are bearing us far and away!
Puffing! Choo-choo! while steadily going —
The engine plays nobly his part in the play —
Smoking! puff-puffing and whistling while going —
Filling his part in this speed-away play.

Back lay the miles upon miles that we've covered,
Back in the far-agone whence we have come,
Mile-posts discounted, and signals outnumbered —
Passed like a breeze in the distance we've run.
Hilltops and meadow-lands, streamlets and lakesides
Lost soon to sight in this speed-away run.

What more exciting! more thrilling! inviting!
Than borne by an engine some fine Autumn day —
With naught of a sorrow! No thought of the morrow!
Just moving through space — whirling on and away.
What more exciting! more thrilling! inviting!
Than a speed-away ride in a Pullman-like way?

THE MISSION OF THE ROSE

or "Carry On"

At the foot of the stairs! How the scene that night
Outlives the years of tempestuous flight.
The lights undimmed! Guests lingering there!
While like Orient-breath seemed the perfumed air.

At the foot of the stairs! So wrapped in thought
That the murmuring voices passed as naught.
Just he and she! They whose hearts aright,
Caught the dreaded word! 'Twas indeed "Good-night."

From high in command swift orders had come!
It almost seemed as if lips were dumb —
No love-word spoken! No vows to be kept!
Just a silence unbroken as heart-depths wept.

But the eyes spoke love — with a love divine!
'Twas a love of the soul, and would outlive time.
And she — with a rose in extended hand
Assumed to be brave. One could understand.

"Carry On" was *his* thought — and "Please God! I'll live
through,
Then the rose I'll bring back, and exchange it for you."
Thus passed he in silence out into the night —
And she — with her heart-ache well hidden from sight —

Carried on! Did her part! There was much to be done
By the men on the Field! A big cause to be won!
And a call ringing loud to the women at home—
Wives! Sweethearts! and Mothers of Men! “Carry On!”

Time rushed on apace! And anon came a day
When an armistice sounded! And far and away
A strange, awesome silence spread wildly! and filled
Our great World—for the big Gatling guns were stilled.

It meant “Home” to the Boys—“Our Boys Over
There”!
And it meant “Coming Back” to the anxious hearts here
Of valiant defenders! Brave A. E. F. Men!
And it meant that the wandering Rose would win.

So faded and crushed! Only faint semblance seen
Of the blush-tinted petals enveloped in green;
One could scarcely divine what its beauties had been,
But ’twas sacred! Lone link with a far-agone scene.

And was it—we ask! Was it chance that these two
In the home-coming hour, should that old scene renew?
Chance, was it? *Quel chance!* After turbulent years
Where they parted—they met—at the foot of the stairs.

IN THE PATH OF THE CANNON AND THE
FOOTSTEPS OF "OUR BOYS"
AT CHATEAU THIERRY

Long years may come apace — and years may go,
And oft by firelight, one will softly tell
Of youthful graves — row following row on row
Along the Marne — bathed now in sacred glow
And murmuring that Our Boys fought there, and fell.

Not ours alone! Dear Boys of other lands —
And other creeds and tongues. All comrades here!
A comradeship well marked my cross, which stands
At head of each low, narrow bed — and fans
To life — till even callous heart lets fall a tear.

One rests apart — as if on crest of moor,
And marks whereon one fell from battered plane;
In piercing tones we hear — "No more! No more!"
"Assuage foul craft by other means than war!
"No life-toll like to this, be paid again."

'Tis village after village crushed to earth
And calling loud from blasted hearth and home,
From old and feeble — babes at tender birth —
All facing ruin! Naught but a cruel dearth —
And forced upon a stricken road to roam —



*In the path of the Cannon and the
footsteps of "Our Boys"*

Hard by — façade of ancient church and tower,
O'er fallen walls, no priest nor people tread —
Albeit its clock, with strange, continuous power —
Repeats "I ticked through din of battle, hour on hour
And now am ticking requiems for our dead.

Adown the road, in shattered, wild dismay —
One almost thinks to hear a maniac-yell —
Distorted trees! Shot, shelled and gassed are they —
As if strange demon horde had lost its way,
Yet paused — a stricken world wierd tale to tell.

The birds have ceased not in their daily song,
And twitter as they flitter to and fro —
Seeming to feel the base, unrighteous wrong
Done to those early dead. "All gone! All gone"!
"On manhood's threshold gone." "So young to go."

And still we move! Our world moves right along,
Nor ceases in its rounds a single hour;
The river flows — and still keeps flowing on —
This sun-warmed, winding, now historic Marne —
Such thrilling tales to tell, within its power.

The murmurings of the air in steady note —
Reveal such piteous, plaintive human call;
Had we not better act — not merely quote —
Repeat in parrot mimicry — by rote —
"Live and let Live"? *We*, in this world, are not its all.

THE AID THAT FAILETH NOT

In life's horizon one may oft' descry
Wee clouds — which in the watching — multiply;
Deeper and darker spread they! Until soon
Our hidden sky is but a pall of gloom.
We feel like flight, and in some far-away
Take refuge from the burdens of the day.
Poor weaklings, we! Were it not better far
To firmly stand, and face things as they are?
To ask for strength to meet, and overcome
All seeming ills with which life's path is strewn?
Much needed disciplines! Whose sting will fade,
If they — on bed of Faith — are softly laid,
And we — in full assurance — unafraid —
Just ask — like children, for The Father's Aid.

THE MOTHER'S HOUR

Just at the eventide as shadows fell,
And early, upper lights showed twinklings clear,
'Twas then we heard the stories she would tell —
And softly — last of all — “ God bless you dear.”

Since then — long chain of years. We now are grown,
And smiles are oft' times watered with a tear;
Those eventides and “ Mother's Hour ” long gone —
Still echo-like — comes back — “ God bless you dear.”

LINKS WITH THE PAST

There's a rolling away of years — on the day
That old friends meet.

There's a clasp of the hand, that to well understand,
Old friends must meet.

There's a thrill, and a start, and a tug at the heart
When old friends meet.

A strange inner stirring — as youth seems returning
When old friends meet.

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The friends that were sharers in life's early pleasures,
True hearts that we love and so happily meet.

The friends ever closest when shadows hung lowest,
God Bless Them! The friends we are longing to greet.

WHICH OF THE TWO?

As I sit midway 'tween my windows twain,
To the left — 'tis grey — with a drizzling rain;
Dark clouds hang low, and the world looks drear,
Each daily blessing submerged. Naught here!
Let us turn! To the right — a rift is seen,
And clouds are breaking! And in between
Just a tiny patch of heavenly blue
Is glimpsed 'mid the grey, as if stealing through,
And showing a bit of a silver line,
As it paves a path for the sun to shine.
Each garden bloom shows uplifted head,
Refreshed by the drops which the cloudlets shed,
And a bright red rambler is heard to say —
“ 'Tis better through life to look this way.”

SOMEBODY WAITING FOR ME

There's somebody waiting for me!
Though days wrapped in cloudlets may be,
I'll note not the shadows — nor storm as it gathers,
For somebody's waiting for me.

Aye! Somebody waiting for me!
Though we fail, future pathways to see,
And time may bring crosses — and heart-aches and losses,
Yet somebody's waiting for me.

Those dear ones from earth's fetters free,
On shores which through faith we may see;
Beyond this life's seeming — its struggles and dreaming,
They're watching and waiting for me.

Soft rustlings from neighboring tree
Seem well-nigh like whisperings of glee,
And sometimes faint showing of form in the gloaming
A-smiling and beckoning to me.

Though still but a veiled mystery —
'Twould seem but a phantom-like sea —
Dividing celestial from pleasures terrestrial
And blessings heaped daily on me.

As fades the soft light of each day,
And passeth through twilight away —
So fadeth each vision — but somewhere Elysian,
We'll live where God's Peace holdeth sway.

That Peace for earth's ills will atone,
Where — just what we are — will be known,
Each virtue! Each blot! But where Love waneth not,
And where dear ones long scattered find Home.

How lingeringly long will it be —
This watching and waiting for me?
Days swiftly are gliding. In firm faith abiding,
I'm waiting the Call — "Come to Me."

THE PLEDGE DIVINE

Pledge not your love by the silvered moon,
It tarries — but does not stay;
As a crescent it comes, as a crescent it goes —
And is hidden long time away.

Pledge not your love by the sun's red glare,
Though glorious in warmth and might;
When the cloud-beds gather and pierce the air —
Then the Sun-God drops from sight.

Pledge not your love by the ocean's wave
Which washes the sands in play;
Encircling, in-coming, so softly caressing —
Then gone — with its billows and spray.

But pledge your love by The Power Divine
That guideth our world through space,
That keepeth each star, be it near or far,
In its own accustomed place.

A Power and Love that waneth not,
The Giver of Life alone!
The Alpha and Omega!
Great, Infinite, Changeless One.

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